THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*"—DEUT. 33: 27.

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LEGENDS PROVE TRUTH OF SCRIPTURE.

BY ELDER WALTER M. WOLFE, OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

THERE is one portion of St. Paul's famous sermon on Mars hill that the scientific world is very reluctant to accept as truth. It is Acts xvii: 26: "And hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation." This verse, with the three immediately following, makes no uncertain declaration as to the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. It is so explicit that it admits of no mysterious, incomprehensible, spiritual kinship. A literal, physical relationship that unites Jew and Greek, bond and free is definitely propounded for our consideration, and the various primary races—Aryan, Semitic, Hamitic, Turanian—have a common origin, common earthly parents, if the matter be plainly stated.

It must be admitted that, from the standpoint of the ethnologist, science has much in its favor. Apparently the Caucasian and the Ethiopian, the North American Indian and the Mongolian have but little in common, and the racial types are, if anything, becoming more pronounced with succeeding generations. If, then, Paul's statement that all the nations of men are of one blood is true, we should find something in the history, the tradition, the mythology of each that connects it with all of the others. Somewhere in the misty past there must be the legends of creation and the ideas of Deity that prove the scriptural statement. These found, they should certainly counterbalance the specious arguments of modern science, which at best are only theoretical.

If any considerable number of peoples in portions of the world remote

from one another had traditions concerning the siege of Troy, we would at once assume two things as facts: first, the oneness of these peoples at the time when the siege was said to have taken place; second, the substantial veracity of the Iliad and Odyssey which gives us a complete account of the event. Now let us use reason, and apply the same test to the Bible and to the Book of Mormon. Let us see if both the eastern and the western continents have had, from pre-historic times, traditions and rites that would go to prove a common source for both. If so, and these rites and traditions are biblical or confirm the account given in the Book of Mormon, we must acknowledge that the Bible and the Book of Mormon are both correct, and equally correct as historical documents; and then it follows, since all the events in these books are connected directly with Deity, or with the mediation and atonement of the Savior, that the theology, the plan of salvation, as laid down in the Bible and Book of Mormon must be correct also. We are fully aware of the light in which the world regards the Book of Mormon, but few of us realize how the so-called religious world views the Bible. Christians have a superstitious reverence for the Bible that amounts almost to awe; they love it with a devotion that almost approaches fanaticism, and yet they neither grasp its historical value, sense its spiritual truths, nor live up to its moral teachings. Men will fight for the Bible, and yet refuse to believe in the deluge. Men will lay down their lives for the Bible, and yet talk of the Mosaic account of "The Creation" and "The Fall" as allegories. The world does not believe the Bible. This seems a rash statement; yet, if the Bible were believed, there would be "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." This certainly is not the case to-day, and it seems to me that we Latter-day Saints should preach implicit faith in the Bible, for which there is to-day as much need as there is of faith in the Book of Mormon.

The great aim of the Book of Mormon is not to give a history of the descendants of Lehi, an account of the wars of the Nephites and Lamanites. It is to prepare the way, in the light of history and prophecy, for the visit of the Son of Man to the American continent, to give an account of His life and Church among the "other sheep" to whom He refers in John x: 16. About this mighty event the whole narrative of the Book of Mormon centers. On the eastern continent His personal work was for the few; the propagation and development of that work was for the many who should believe in His name. A small territory, only one hundred miles in length by twenty-five in width, was the scene of His mission in Palestine. But on the western continent, when nations accepted Him in a day, the case was different. His visit, His teachings were known from the realms of the frozen northland to the sultry forests of the equator. Not that he visited all portions of the continent during His brief stay, but the tribes that migrated northward and southward from the land Bountiful took with them the story of the Christ, and He remains in their traditions until this day. I have already mentioned the belief of the Central American Indians in this wise, good and supernatural Being that visited their forefathers centuries ago. The Aztecs of the central Mexican highland, the most civilized of all the American races at the time of the Spanish discovery, know of Him and once worshipped Him as the god Quetzalcoatl—the reformer, teacher, Divine One incarnated. It is certain that they

were looking forward to His return as a deliverer at the time when Cortez made his famous conquest. Their traditions in this respect were held by their neighbors—the Toltecs and Michoacans. The same idea of a teacher and deliverer was found among the less-highly civilized Pueblo Indians (Moqui and Zuni), and even as far north as the land of the Sioux and Dakotahs, on the Canadian frontier. Southward from the land of the Nephites the knowledge of the Gospel spread, and many of its truths may be found in old Peruvian legends.

It is not strange that the native tribes of America should have lost even the traditional knowledge of the creation, and that each nation should have its individual ideas upon the subject. And yet many tribes that live thousands of miles apart and that apparently have no common ground in feature, language, customs and religion, have a story of the long ocean voyage that brought them from a more civilized and highly favored land to the new world. In traveling southward the student first hears this story in the land of the Moqui, in the south-western United States, but to get it in its fulness he should hear the legends of the so-called "white Indians" of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. In fact I believe that every statement of the Book of Mormon will be proved from the history, the legends, the ruins and hieroglyphics of the new world.

In like manner the old world is constantly giving us proofs of the authenticity of the much-questioned and much abused book of Genesis. Ancient Greece, Assyria, India, China and Egypt have preserved for us in their various mythologies the story of the Noachian deluge. Under the veil of Greek legend we see the first human pair as the handiwork of the Almighty and it takes no flight of the imagination to see in the first man a god made flesh; for it was not until the fifth century before the Christian era that the false idea of God as an essence without body, parts and passions commenced to permeate the ancient and more rational Greek philosophy and theology,

The story of the temptation and fall of our first parents is common, in one form or another, to the civilized nations of antiquity. It is also one of the stories that has crossed the ocean and become incorporated with the traditions of the Aztecs and Mayas. One of the most ancient picture writings of Mexico shows a beautiful fruit-laden tree. Beneath its shade stands a woman, clothed only in the drapery of her luxuriant hair. Coiled around the trunk of the tree, with eyes looking into the eyes of the woman, and forked tongue almost kissing her lips, is a serpent—the serpent that since the days of Mother Eve has been Evil personified. Older than the temples of the Aztecs, older than the pyramids of the Toltecs, whence did pre-historic Mexico get this idea? Is the picture of itself not enough to give credence to the theory of a common origin of the Hebrew on the one continent and of the Indian on the other?

Some modern students and explorers have been so much impressed with the ruins of ancient America and with the traditions of its inhabitants that they have regarded the peninsula of Yucatan as the giver of civilization to Egypt and hence to Asia and Europe. In the light of revelation we know that this could not have been the case. It is however an evidence that the scales are falling from men's eyes. The "common origin" theory is considered more plausible than was the case a score of years ago, and little by little the world

is becoming prepared reasonably to accept both the Bible and Book of Mormon, because, harmonizing with, and explaining that which man by his own investigating can find out, they supply missing links, show causes and effects, and ultimately lead to a knowledge of the divine plan which has been slowly working out its destiny since the dawn of time.

"AS THY DAYS MAY DEMAND."

BY MYRA L. LONGHURST, IN THE "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

NEVER shall I forget that Sabbath morning!* The sun rose bright and clear over the broad expanse of ocean waves that rolled in ever restless fashion and flung their snowy crests to catch a glimpse of the warm sunlight, then joined in the mad race to the black rocks ahead, there to beat in fretful murmur against their slimy sides.

All nature seemed under a spell: so calm and serene with only a gentle breeze to rustle the lofty palms o'er head—an ominous silence it seemed to me, causing a feeling of loneliness to creep over my soul and a vague unrest.

"Come, dear," said my husband, taking my hand, for he was quick to note the first appearance of sadness on my face, "Let us take a walk upon the beach until meeting time."

Ever eager for a stroll I gladly consented, and together we walked to the edge of the bluff upon which our house was situated. We loved the grand old ocean, and many an hour had we spent in the shadow of the palms, struggling with a foreign tongue, where the lashing of the waves upon the beach seemed to bring a peace and joy to our souls. And often on moonlit nights we sat inhaling the warm, tropical breezes, while our thoughts returned to our mountain home and friends so far away.

Turning and surveying our little village, I said, "How strange it all seems, our being here in Samoa so far away from home, surrounded by a strange people and trying to teach them the Gospel in their native tongue." "Yes," observed my husband, "but we cannot now appreciate this lovely land or the privilege we enjoy. When we return home then we shall think of how pleasant it all was. See the Saints and school children sitting in their little huts, so quiet and devotional, waiting for the hour of meeting."

"Yes," said I, "our people at home can learn a lesson of reverence for the Lord's day, from these humble Saints."

Four houses composed our little village. The one nearest the beach, made of bamboo, was our meeting house and dwelling house combined, divided by a thin partition; the three remaining houses were occupied by Saints and our school children, all were surrounded by a rude, rock wall some three feet high. This was the extent of our vision as a dense forest surrounded us on three sides, our only view being over the broad ocean on the east.

Through the bush some distance to the south lived Elder David Kinison, one of our white Saints, with his family, in a frame house, while a little farther was the native village of Fogapoa.

We were now joined by some of our little dusky school children; but our thoughts were soon interrupted by "Oi, oi, vaai, o se manuao Peritania!" (O, see

* April 2, 1899.

an English man of war.*) We turned to the ocean and our sight verified the statement, for there, outside the reef, she lay, and boats were plying between her and the shore. We vaguely wondered upon what business she was bent.

There had been for some time past skirmishes upon an adjacent island between the natives and foreign powers. We had often heard the booming of cannon, and meagre reports had reached us of the conflict which was being waged; but as yet our island, Savaii, had been undisturbed. We knew full well there was trouble ahead and sent up a silent petition to heaven for protection.

The sound of the "pate" or wooden bells now reached our ears and we hastened to our post of duty—the place of morning service. As the Saints came quietly in, a troubled expression was visible upon their usually serene and peaceful features. They, too, had heard of the approach of the dreaded man-of-war, and terror filled their hearts.

After the opening exercises, Elder Warnick, our companion, addressed the assembly, and a peaceful spirit pervaded the room.

Before the people dispersed Sunday school was immediately called lest the children again become excited and unable to attend their lessons. I adjourned as usual with the primary class to our dwelling room, where the children grouped about me on the floor intent on hearing a story, their black eyes full of expectancy. The story was fairly begun, when in the distance the sound of rapid firing reached our startled ears. The little brown-faced tots instinctively drew nearer my chair, and little Freddie asked in a plaintive voice, "Are we all going to be killed?"

"No, indeed," said I, "the Lord will protect us if we trust in Him." At the same time my own heart was full of fear as I thought of our unprotected position, for I knew we were in danger from random firing on account of the density of the forest which surrounded, if not from malicious intent. But I concealed my fears and told them we would not be harmed.

Gradually the firing came nearer and nearer, and we were obliged to dismiss school, not being able longer to keep order.

As we emerged from the door a dense cloud of smoke burst upon our view from the south, and we knew the neat little village of Fogapoa was being laid waste by ruthless hands. The ashes fell thickly around us, and the frightened children huddled together in one corner, their eyes intently watching us to see if there were cause for alarm, and we knew we must be brave as the least sign of weakness on our part would be quickly detected.

A volley of shots sounded uncomfortably near; together we stepped to the door; another volley passed over the house severing the leaves from the trees overhead and they fell fluttering like stricken birds to our feet. We knew not whether we were surrounded by friends or foes, as nothing could as yet be seen.

Soon a sound as of chopping we heard in the direction of the white man's house, and Elder Warnick said, "I will take the path to the south; you go by the other to the beach and we will see if we can determine our situation. If you see any soldiers let them know there are people in this nook."

So he went. Husband and I made our way to the beach, (for I must confess I kept near him, as I felt if danger came we had better share it together).

* The *Royalist*, Captain Gaunt.

There we saw two boats, filled with English sailors, battling with the waves, for a fierce wind had suddenly risen as though to be in harmony with the tumult on shore. In the front of each boat was a gatling gun ready for action. We waved our hands to them, then quickly returned to the frightened group within.

Gazing from the open window a sight met our view which caused our hearts to fill with dread. Through the bush, their red caps and painted faces hideous to behold, came a hundred armed natives on the path lately taken by Elder Warnick.

With their springy, running gait, gazing first this way, then that, animal-like, they appeared as though looking for prey, fearful of being apprehended in their search.

Our thoughts flew to Elder Warnick. Was he safe? But scarce could we frame the thought, before our house was surrounded on the south. I rushed to my husband, he grasped my trembling hands, and gazing above we uttered a voiceless prayer to our Father for protection.

My husband went to the door and commanded them back, they obeyed but rushed round to the other side. Just then, loud and clear rang out a white man's voice. "I will shoot the first man who enters that house."

We gave a sigh of relief. We knew they were under command.

Going outside we then conversed with the captain, who seemed surprised to know there were people living where we were. They were in search of rebels and had routed them from the village of Fogapoa. The natives of whom we were so frightened had been trained by this officer to assist the soldiers and were a great help to them in restoring peace to the land, as they were acquainted with the native plan of warfare.

Soon we were joined by Elder Warnick who related his experience with the native warriors. He had met them in the path and several guns were levelled on him. He looked down their shining barrels for an instant, undecided what to do, knowing that retreat was dangerous. Summoning his courage he informed them that he was a missionary and told them to drop their guns, which they did and allowed him to proceed in peace.

Soon the search for rebel natives was ended; the soldiers then repaired to the vessel and peace was again restored to our little village.

When thinking calmly over the events of the day we surmised that perhaps our fears had been groundless. But later we learned that while our house had been surrounded by the native troops there lay concealed behind our rock-wall a party of rebel natives ready to open fire upon them. One of the party, observing us, commanded them to refrain from firing, saying, "See, there are white people there! they are the servants of the Lord. If we fire we shall all be killed."

Upon learning this fact we knew that the moment we felt most truly safe, was in reality the moment of our greatest danger. But we again saw that our Father is watching over His servants who are doing His will, and the beautiful words of the poet came vividly to mind:

"At home or abroad,
On the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand,
So thy succor shall be."

THE NORWICH CONFERENCE.

The Norwich semi-annual conference of the Latter-day Saints was held at Norwich on Sunday, April 12th, 1903. The morning services commenced at 10:30 at the Gordon Hall, Duke Street. After the usual opening exercises sacrament was administered by Elder Purt. President Freeman Tanner, after a few words of welcome, presented the general authorities of the Church; also Francis M. Lyman as president of the European mission, Freeman Tanner as president of the Norwich conference, and William A. Shaw, William Purt, Frank P. Foster, Samuel S. Bennett, Joseph N. Hutchings, Edward F. Thompson, Nis C. Christiansen, Jr., Samuel S. Downes and Darwin R. Harris as traveling Elders of the Norwich conference.

Elders Bennett and Foster spoke upon the necessity of obedience and duty. President Lyman followed, speaking upon practical religion, stating that just as a clean body is admirable in this life, so will a clean spirit be admirable in this life and in the life to come. He declared that Christ had done nothing for us that we can do for ourselves, and a pure life is a greater testimony than volumes of precepts.

The afternoon session convened at the Blackfriar's Hall at 2:30. Elder Shaw gave a summary of the first principles of the Gospel, and showed the necessity of obedience to the same in order to obtain salvation. Elder Harris discussed the ordinance of baptism, maintaining that immersion is the proper form. A solo, "But the Lord is mindful of His own," was rendered by Elder Foster.

President Lyman occupied the remainder of the meeting. Taking up the first four principles of the Gospel he pointed out some of the differences in the belief of the Latter-day Saints, and that of the Christian world. Some of our principles, he stated, are not made plain in the Bible; hence the necessity of a clearer testimony—the Book of Mormon, which although more definite on some doctrine than the Bible, does not contradict it.

The evening meeting commenced at 6:30 with an attendance of one hundred and sixty-four souls. President Tanner spoke on love showing that man must love God as well as that God love man if man would be redeemed. Thus he would be saved from his sins and not in them. Elder Thompson referred to the sacrifice made by the Latter-day Saints as a testimony of their belief. The missionary quartet sang, "School thy feelings."

President Lyman continued his subject of the afternoon taking up the doctrine of baptism for the dead and temple work. Said he, "The Latter-day Saints are the only people in the world who build temples and work for the dead. It is evident that the Apostle Paul taught the doctrine, from his words to the Corinthian Saints, 'Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?'"

Priesthood meeting was held at 4 Ashford Street on Saturday, April 11. The Elders reported their labors for the last six months and received instructions from President Lyman. On the following Monday a social was held in Gordon Hall.

William A. Shaw, Clerk of Conference.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG, JUNIOR, IS DEAD.

A CABLEGRAM from Salt Lake City, despatched without doubt Saturday evening, April 11th, brought to us the sad intelligence on Sunday that President Brigham Young, Junior, of the Council of Twelve Apostles, has passed from mortality. The message read:

"Brigham died to-night. Joseph (F.) Smith."

The long and severe illness of our beloved brother made the sorrowful news not wholly unexpected. For about eight months he has suffered from dropsy, enduring in the long struggle the pains of many deaths. Several times his life has been almost despaired of. His wonderful vitality surprised those who knew the real conditions; but at length his strong constitution broke down. During the protracted sickness President Young was hopeful that he would recover to continue his work on earth. Shortly before he passed away he said: "I am not so particular about living as I am to do the work before me. Such opportunities for good come to few men as come to me now, and it cuts me to the quick to miss this greatest opportunity of my life. But the Lord order it. I can't. I only pray." But in spite of intense pain and the distress that such a wearisome illness brought to his active spirit he maintained that cheerful, ofttimes mirthful, demeanor that characterized him throughout life. It was said by one who visited him in his affliction that he would make merry in the face of death. At any rate with the same unselfishness as marked his whole life he was determined not to burden others with his suffering.

The life that has just closed is a remarkable one. Brother Brigham was born December 18, 1836, at Kirtland, Ohio, and a year later his father fled with his family to Missouri to save his life from lawless persecution. Scarcely were they established in Far West when the infamous order of extermination was issued by Governor Boggs. With her small children the mother began that terrible flight from Missouri alone. Joined by her husband she reached Illinois safely, having gone through great hardships. The first memories of the boy, Brigham, were the scenes of distress caused by persecutions. He was in his eighth year when the Prophets Joseph and Hyrum were slain, and he wept with the Saints at their loss. When the troubled people turned their faces westward to seek shelter in the unexplored fastnesses of the Rocky mountains Brigham did his part. In 1848, though only eleven years old, he drove two yoke of oxen from Winter Quarters on the Missouri river to Fort Bridger. During this journey of nine hundred miles the boy walked beside

his oxen, barefooted and with only the scantiest clothing. Yet he was happy and never for an instant lost courage.

In the valley Brigham soon distinguished himself for his fearlessness and ability as a scout. In those days it was necessary to maintain in the Territory an efficient militia, for many times the Indians were restrained from waging war by the knowledge that the Saints were prepared, and other times real battles had to be fought. Brigham, though a lover of peace, had in him the metal of a true soldier, and he rose from the ranks to the position of brigadier-general. In these and other exertions undertaken for the public welfare, he endured untold hardships. While rescuing once a belated handcart company of emigrants, he contracted inflammatory rheumatism, which almost caused his death at the time, and afflicted him later in life.

But the Lord had greater work than that of a soldier for His servant. This was made apparent by an incident that occurred in the summer of 1862, before his first mission. Brigham was on a visit in the Eastern states when a call came from his father, President Young, to go on a mission to England. Without returning home he prepared to cross the Atlantic. At Philadelphia he met Colonel Thomas L. Kane, a devoted friend to his father and all the Saints. The Colonel was fighting in the Northern army, the Civil war being then in progress. He desired Brigham to stay with him and watch the active operations of great battles, as such training would be invaluable to the young soldier from the frontier. Brigham declined on account of his call to England. At length the Colonel said: "Brigham, I have prayed about this matter, for my heart is set upon it, but I am willing to let God decide. I am expecting my commission as a brigadier-general every day, as you know. Now, if my appointment comes before your ship sails, we will take it that it is right for you to stay with me. If it does not come I will let you go with willing consent." Brigham agreed, saying, "All right, Colonel, I think we are both safe to leave it with God." The commission arrived the day after sailing, and Brother Brigham was then on the sea. The Lord had chosen him for the preaching of the Gospel.

Three times Elder Young filled a mission to Europe. During the second he acted as first counselor in the presidency and later as president of the European mission. His labors led him to visit extensively on the Continent. Though only twenty-eight years old when he was placed in charge, yet he performed his duties well. Again from 1890 to 1893 he filled the same post. Among the Saints throughout Europe there are many who met him and enjoyed his friendship. They will be particularly affected by the announcement of his death. It was after his return from his second mission that he was called October 9, 1868 to be one of the Twelve Apostles, and from that time on he has devoted himself almost exclusively to the ministry. Nevertheless he has taken interest in all things that concerned the welfare of the people. During the days of the Territory he served several times in the legislature, and has held other important positions of trust.

As an Apostle, Brother Brigham has traveled extensively throughout the region where the Saints have made settlements from Canada to Old Mexico. He was one of those who helped to establish our colonies in Mexico and performed an important part in overcoming the difficulties of this undertaking.

It was in that country that he filled an important mission to the Yaqui Indians and almost lost his life from yellow fever. Nevertheless, through the mercy of the Lord, he was miraculously healed. He has also labored among the Indians of Arizona to teach them the arts of peace and the Gospel. In his ministry among the Saints his instructions have been wise and timely, and his testimony has ever been inspiring. When the First Presidency was reorganized after the death of President Snow, Elder Young was called to be president of the Twelve Apostles. He was sustained in this position November 10, 1901, at the special conference of the Church. Had the faith and prayers of the Saints and his brethren prevailed, he would have been spared many years to labor in this calling.

Brother Brigham has gone, but the memory of him and his good works will never die He was a friendly, lovable man, and probably left no one who could be called an enemy. There was much in his character that resembled the mountains and streams he loved so well. He was a child of nature, indeed, gentle, pleasing and natural, but immovable in his integrity and devotion. His soul towered above meanness and corruption and all that savored of treason to the Lord and His work as a lofty snow-capped peak towers above the valley. He was ever faithful to his brethren and he had their love. Brigham Young, Junior, was a brave man, physically and morally. When danger was near he never flinched, and when he felt it right to speak, no fear of consequences ever restrained him. But he was also humble and unassuming. His love for the great work which the Lord has begun in these latter days was supreme, and his fidelity never wavered. His desire that his family should serve the Lord was very strong, and it gave him keen satisfaction when he saw their devotion and faith. We hope that their hearts may be comforted in this their grief and that they may be prepared, when they are called hence, to join him in the same sacred family ties that were consummated here.

Brother Brigham's active spirit, now loosed from the flesh, is enjoying the society of loved ones who have preceded him. There is a great work to be done in the spirit world, and with unabated zeal and faith he may there declare the tidings of salvation that have ever been so dear to him. When the Lord comes to reign, in the morning of the first resurrection, we hope we all may meet our brother with the host of the redeemed, having fought the good fight and kept the faith as he has done.

FRANCIS M. LYMAN.

MOBBING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE sad news is brought to us from Utah that another Elder laboring in the Southern States has been mobbed and most seriously injured. The victim of insensate rage is Elder A. H. Olpin of Pleasant Grove, and the crime was committed in Williamsbury county, South Carolina, From the meager dispatches it is learned that Elder Olpin was so badly beaten that he lost his reason and had to be cared for in an asylum. A vigorous effort will be made to bring the guilty ones to justice, and the prospect is that this can be done. Elder Olpin is thirty-two years old and has labored in the South sixteen months. He is not one who would seek trouble but is unassuming and mild. We hope that he may completely recover from his injury and return in peace

to his family. We also hope that this outrage will be the last in the Southern States.

A LETTER has been received from Elder James L. Barker of the Swiss mission, in which he speaks of the successful conference held March 28th and 29th at Zurich. The fifty Elders laboring in the mission were present. The French district is now being opened up again, and work is also being done in Vienna, Austria. Prospects are good, and the need for more Elders is crying.

PRESIDENT LYMAN has received word of the death of his eldest sister, Mrs. Matilda Lyman Carter, March 24th, at Greenville, Beaver county, Utah. Sister Carter, who was the first child of the late Amasa M. Lyman, was born November 14, 1836, at Kirtland, Ohio. With her parents she passed through the hardships that the Saints endured in their exiles. Her life was a useful one, and she died as she had lived a faithful Latter-day Saint. She was the mother of ten children most of whom, with her husband are left to mourn her loss.

ELDERS SAMUEL HUNT and Albert J. Cope who are laboring at Darwen, Liverpool conference, seem to be meeting with some success. At any rate one of the ministers of the city found it necessary, as he thought, to lecture upon "Mormonism" with the purpose of frightening investigators. As is usual when one person explains another's religion for the purpose of opposing it, he made many false, malicious statements. One of the papers that published an account of his lecture, the *Northern Daily Telegraph*, kindly opened its columns for a reply from the Elders, wherein they make brief explanations of the truth. We hope that the good people of Darwen may be able to discern truth and reject falsehood.

ARRIVALS.—The following named missionaries, in charge of Elder Charles Woolfenden, arrived in Liverpool per s.s. *Canada*, April 11th, 1903: For Great Britain—William Preston, Weston, Idaho; William E. Maxwell, Salt Lake City; Luke H. Crawshaw, Ogden. For Iceland—Lofter Bjarnason, Spanish Fork. Elder Woolfenden will visit relatives and search for genealogical data.

APPOINTMENTS.—The Elders who arrived on the 11th inst. were appointed to labor as follows: William Preston, Grimsby; William E. Maxwell, London; Luke H. Crawshaw, Manchester conference.

RELEASES.—Elder Orson B. Calder is honorably released from his labors in the Manchester conference on account of sickness. He sailed with the company that left April 9th. Elder Edwin F. Tout of the London conference is honorably released to return home by s.s. *New England*, sailing April 30, 1903.

DEPARTURES.—A company of Saints and the following named Elders in charge of Elder John C. Howard, sailed from Liverpool by the s.s. *Mayflower*, April 9th, 1903: William M. Leonard, Gottlieb Fluckiger, Guy H. Hill, Jr., Fredrich Aegerter, John H. Rose, Angus E. Berlin, Peter G. Lundell, Jorgen S. Jorgensen, Joseph B. Jeppsen, Emil Anderson, Peter Christensen, John P. Jenson, Peter Jensen, James C. Petersen, Andrew C. Mortensen, Gustaf W. Forsberg, A. Ray Irvine, Orson B. Calder.

THE semi-annual Leeds conference will convene in Temperance Hall, Chapel Street, off Leeds Road, Bradford, Sunday, April 26, 1903. Services will begin at 10-30 a.m., 2 and 6 p.m. All are welcome.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF UTAH.

THE PATHOS OF ITS BEGINNING—ITS IMPORTANCE IN THE GROWTH OF WESTERN AMERICA.

BY JOHN MATTHEWS.

[THE following article, artistically illustrated with Utah scenes, is one of the many topics that occupy space in the Utah number of *Leslie's Weekly*, the popular American magazine. Being from the pen of a non-Mormon it is especially interesting].

ON the sixth day of April, 1847, in a great camp on the banks of the Missouri river where it washes the sands of Nebraska, there was intense activity. Men with hammers in their hands were bending over the wheels of wagons; women were packing great bundles and lifting them into vehicles that were tents on wheels; other men were felling trees or hewing them into fence-posts, while still others were plowing in the brown soil of spring; little children were running about shouting, filled with excitement. Some men were directing; others were obeying. Everywhere was heard the sound of hammer blows, the calls of men, the rumble of wheels, the laugh of women. Under the clear sun of the prairie was a scene of joyful preparation, for one of the greatest migrations in the history of the world was about to begin—the departure of the followers of Brigham Young for the "Promised Land" beyond the Rocky mountains.

It was July 23rd, nearly four months later, when this remarkable leader of men, weak from days of delirious illness, too frail to move his body, lying in the bottom of a light wagon, passed through the last canyon of the Wasatch range. At his request, the horses were turned about so that he could look down into the valley below. And when he saw the broad plain threaded by streams which ran to the Great Salt Lake beyond, Brigham Young said, "Enough; this is the place. Drive on." The wagon with the sick man moved slowly down the mountain slope into the valley—and that was the beginning of the State of Utah.

The migration of the first Mormons across the broad, unknown waste that lay between the Missouri river and the valley of the Great Salt Lake was an undertaking of an extraordinary daring, an expedition second perhaps in its interest in American history only to the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers. Just as the Pilgrims launched their ships upon a terrible and unknown sea, these first pioneers of the West ventured into a vast, strange land about which they knew little aside from the knowledge of the constant presence of a hundred perils.

The people of Utah were the first to establish themselves in the West. Oregon in 1847 was disputed ground. California belonged to Mexico, and the "forty-niners," the first American pioneers of that State did not traverse the prairie until two years later, and after Utah was a settlement with several thousand people. So that Utah was then the very borderland. It was there that the West took root.

The leaders of the Mormons had decided upon the far distant West as the future home of their people. They had no more definite plan than that. They had read of the valley of the Great Salt Lake in the reports of General John C. Frémont, the "path-finder," who had seen the region in 1843. They had heard, too, of Oregon; and they had considered Vancouver Island. But not until the expedition was well on its way was the exact destination definately determined. There were three main bodies of emigrants who moved from the winter quarters on the Missouri river to the valley beyond the Rockies. The first party numbered 148, including three women and two children, and made its journey in the spring of 1847 with Brigham Young at its head. Then followed in the summer of the same year the second body of the pioneers, nearly two thousand in all, among them many women and children of these first pilgrims of the prairie, under the direction of John Young, a brother of the chief. Then Brigham Young returned to the Missouri and the following year guided to the new land all the remainder of his people, about twenty-five hundred of them.

As many more of the Mormons remained until succeeding years in Iowa along a route extending from Nauvoo, Illinois, to the Missouri river; but there was a continual movement forward among this body of emigrants. Some of them broke ground and sowed seed in Iowa and then passed on, leaving the crops to be harvested by those who followed. Thus, in a most unique way, were the travelers supplied with food on their journey. After the departure of the first Mormons to Utah the current of migration over the same route continued, emigrants going across the great plains in wagons, until the Union Pacific railroad was built.

That first wonderful voyage across the thousand miles of wilderness was made in a systematic way, planned by the leader, Brigham Young, so that in the four months' journey, of the first body of pioneers no lives were lost; but toward the end of the trail the weary wanderers crawled painfully across the deserts and climbed over the mountain range, oppressed with sickness and fatigue. The rules of their leader were intelligent and exact. The wagons, drawn by horses or oxen, were two abreast, and sometimes the wagons were four abreast when danger of attack by Indians was imminent. Each man walked at his wagon's side, with a loaded gun on his shoulder, so that most of the pioneers covered the enormous distance of the route on foot.

At night these tents on wheels were drawn into a circular inclosure, the front wheels of each wagon being locked with the rear wheels of the one in front. And if the treacherous Indians were known to be near, the cattle and horses were driven within the circle, under the protection of the wagon fort. When danger of the depredation of the savages was not present, the oxen, the cows, and the horses were herded during the night near the wagons by specially apppointed herdsmen from among the members of the company. Frequently the Indians crept up toward the camp in the darkness. The sleepers in the wagons would awaken suddenly at the alarm of the guards who were constantly on watch. All the camp would be alive and there would be quick preparation for defence. Then the stealthy figures would steal away in the darkness as they had come.

The emigrants moved forward slowly, making no more than eight or ten

miles during some of the days when they passed through the blinding dust of the sage-brush country. To ford some of the streams which crossed their path, two whole days were sometimes required. The travelers suffered from cold. They fell sick with fever in the mountains. But they were the flower of the great camp that had wintered on the Missouri river banks. The men were chosen by the leader for their daring, their intelligence and their loyalty. The best horses, oxen and wagons were selected for this first journey, for it was this first body of pioneers who were to find the path, to break the first trail, and to endure the greatest uncertainty, hardship and danger. But those who followed suffered intensely, too. One of the foremost men of Utah told me recently of the pathetic hardship of his mother, who crossed the plains in one of the succeeding parties.

"My mother," he said, "walked across the prairie and the mountains—one thousand miles from the Missouri river to the Salt Lake valley—bearing in her arms nearly all of that way a sick baby, her son. She carried the child day after day until she had come within one hundred miles of the end of the trail. The boy was two years old and was weak and ill when the journey began. If they placed him for a while in one of the rough wagons of the train, he was shaken and disturbed and cried pitifully. So my mother carried him and comforted him in her arms, plodding along through the dust, climbing wearily the rugged hills. But the baby grew more sickly and thin as the long days passed, until he was scarcely more than bones. Then he died. They dug a hole at the side of the trail and laid the body in it. There was no coffin, and when the men began to throw the earth upon the flesh of her dead boy, the mother, exhausted by her long journey and broken by her grief, fainted. One of the emigrants went to his wagon and emptied out a box that had been used for carrying bread. He made a coffin out of it, and in that way my brother was buried."

Such were the trials of the West.

When the first band of pioneers, under the leadership of Brigham Young, reached the valley of Salt Lake, in July, 1847, there were further hardships to endure. They plowed ground and planted a crop of potatoes and other vegetables; but when the plants in these first gardens had reached a growth their leaves were eaten by the pest of the mountain crickets; and during the cold that followed, the pioneers were reduced nearly to starvation. Their food was of the root of the wild sego lily and of thistles, and soup made by boiling rawhide and old shoes. One of the women died of famine. The Indians frequently attacked the pioneers, and during the early years many were killed by savages. Around the first settlement an adobe wall was built for protection; and as the settlement grew the area of the wall inclosure was increased, and new settlements that were made were walled in also; until, a few years later, all walls were abandoned.

After the first winter was over, a large area of eight thousand acres was surveyed, divided into ten-acre tracts and apportioned by lot, each man receiving ten acres, which he began at once to cultivate. In this was again exhibited the power for organization and system of the leader, Brigham Young. And it was the characteristic beginning of the steady and substantial growth of the State, which has followed.

Among these four thousand pioneers were men of many kinds and callings. There were college graduates and scholars among them, and not a few who were not members of the Church of Latter-day Saints. But their isolation from the rest of the world and their dependence on each other drew these pioneers into a close union, a union for protection and for progress. That which they needed they learned to manufacture. It was the purpose of Brigham Young to make his colony self-supporting. Woolen mills were built and shoe factories and machine shops and flour mills. They made silverware, carpets, silks and furniture; so that even to-day, with the lines of isolation from the outside world long ago obliterated, there is scarcely a manufactured product in America that is not made in Utah. The people of the Salt Lake Valley were the first in America to take the water from the streams and spread it over the fertile soil which needed only that to produce abundant harvests. The system of irrigation copied from Spain and begun in Utah when the remainder of the West was still a wilderness, has been the pattern which has been followed, with abundant results throughout all the semi-arid States, becoming the basis of their agricultural life.

And continually there came to Utah many settlers until the settlement grew into a comparative empire with 40,000 people in 1860. The first settlers of the State had paid little heed to the mineral wealth stored in the mountains. They had devoted their time and their energy to the development of their farms, the building of their homes, and the establishment of industries that would produce that which they needed in their daily lives. They had given no time to the adventures of the gold seeker, for their leader, Brigham Young, advised first, agricultural and substantial growth. So the settlements grew one by one through all the valleys that stretched in a chain among the mountains from north to south in Utah; and afterward, the domains spread even into Colorado, Nevada, and Idaho.

Mining in Utah began with the eastward current of California's mining men. They had gone into Nevada, and moving eastward began to roam among Utah's mountains, establishing camps and digging out rich ore. The mineral wealth which had been discovered in Utah brought many others into the State. Many of these were not of the Mormon faith; and from that time on the growing population included Gentiles as well as Latter-day Saints; so that there is now no longer a line of definite distinction. Mormons and anti-Mormons mingle socially and in business, just as those who belong to different religious sects do in the other States. The Gentile and the Saint in Utah live side by side, with common interests. They are directors of the same corporations; they are members of the same club. Their wives and children mingle in the same social circles. So the progress of Utah and its capital, Salt Lake City, is no longer the progress of one sect alone, but the growth and development of the people of a State who are united as people of any other State for their own welfare.

It was this growth of Utah which was the backbone of the West. Until 1869 there was no railroad to the Pacific coast. Utah had then 87,000 inhabitants. Her people sent a memorial to Congress asking that a road be built. The Union Pacific was started, and the Central Pacific from California was laid. But the people of Utah, under the leadership of Brigham Young,

actually constructed the connecting link across the State of Utah, thus completing the transcontinental line. And, strangely enough, the trail of the pioneers of 1847 was the Union Pacific railroad's first survey. From that time the wealth of Utah grew fast, and the population rapidly increased. In 1880, there were 144,000 people; in 1890, 208,000; and to-day, 300,000.

The story of Utah's wonderful beginning, of her supreme importance in the upbuilding of western America, of her resources, rich, varied, and abundant, has not been told as it should be to the people of the United States. All of these great facts have been lost in the frequent relating of the tales of a peculiar faith, and of a custom that has long since passed away. So "the time has now come to tell the truth about Utah."

I TOLD HIM "NO!"

Somebody asked me to take a drink.
What did I tell him? What do you think?
I told him "No!"

Someone asked me one day to play
A game of cards, and what did I say?
I told him "No!"

Somebody laughs that I will not swear
And lie and steal, but I do not care.
I told him "No!"

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath day. 'Twas of no avail.
I told him "No!"

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"
God's word has said, and so on the spot
I told him "No!"

SELECTED.

DIED.

NORMAN.—Of syncope, March 30, 1903, Sarah, the beloved wife of Octavius Norman; born at Isleham, Cambridgeshire, England; interred at West Bromwich cemetery, the Elders officiating.

NICHOLSON.—On Tuesday, March 31, 1903, at Airdrie, Scotland, Sister Jane Nicholson. Deceased was sixty-two years old, and has been a member of the Church since September 15, 1894. She died in full faith.

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